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He memoranda



Memories

OF A

CONSECRATED LIFE:

OR, A

Memorial Sketch

OF

KATE MCLELLAN.

— ... —

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Memories

OF A

CONSECRATED LIFE.



“THE things we have lived for—  
Let them be our story,  
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.”

THE following sketch is a tribute of grateful affection to the memory of a dear Christian friend.

It is not proposed to give any connected biography, however interesting it might be, of the person whose early removal has filled so many hearts with sadness. The life of Miss McClellan was a quiet one, spent for the most part among her immediate relations and friends. It was marked by no specially important or

striking events, such as naturally awaken and fix the attention of the community. Indeed, there was an absence of those external circumstances which give notoriety to individual life and character. And yet quiet and unobtrusive as her life was it was filled with activities and controlled by a spirit which imparted great beauty and made it most effective for good. It was, in a true and noble sense, a CONSECRATED LIFE.

In contemplating a career so brief and yet so useful, it is natural to inquire what were the traits, habits, and gifts which characterized it and made it an example worthy of imitation.

To present and illustrate some of the features of this beautifully consistent and useful life is the object of this memorial.

Those who were intimately acquainted with Miss McClellan need nothing, perhaps, to recall to their minds the varied gifts and graces which gave such a charm to her presence, and clothed her words and actions with an almost irresist-

tible power. And yet even they will be glad to have by them some simple memorial which shall not only remind them of the departed, but serve to keep alive and perpetuate a more vivid remembrance of her worth and usefulness. Amid the manifold changes and cares of passing years, the most sacred associations are wont to fade from human memory; and even those most tenderly loved, who have been taken away, are too easily forgotten. It is well, as far as we may, to prevent this. But, aside from these considerations, there was that in the life and character of Miss McClellan which deserves this tribute of respect, and which may well be placed on record for the instruction and encouragement of those who remain. It rarely happens that one in the ordinary circumstances of life accomplishes so much of real and lasting good as did this servant of Christ.

KATE M'CLELLAN, only daughter of Dr. C.

R. McClellan and Eloise M. McClellan, was born in the city of Brooklyn on the 31st of July, 1842.

At a very early day, while yet a little child, she exhibited many of those traits which so distinctly marked her after life. She had a profound reverence and affection for her parents, and never questioned their authority or judgment. Such was her confidence that she rendered a prompt and full-hearted obedience to all their wishes. She was well trained in the precepts and principles of religion, the results of which were very manifest. At school she was noted for her promptness and regularity, and for the accuracy with which she accomplished her task. Her advantages were such as other girls of her age enjoyed—nothing more; and yet by her systematic perseverance she became an exceedingly well-educated person. In her own family and among her associates she maintained the most perfect truthfulness, never allowing herself to indulge

in those exaggerations and small deceptions which are so common among children, and even grown persons. This was a distinguishing characteristic of her whole life. Nobody ever doubted her word, or was ever misled by her statements.

The first great trial she experienced was in the sickness and death of her mother. For years they had been inseparable companions, and were devotedly attached to each other. During all her mother's protracted illness she ministered to her with unwonted care and tenderness. It was a discipline which thoroughly tried her principles, and developed and strengthened her character. It was her first acquaintance with sickness and her first association with death. Hitherto the world had been full of brightness, and life one continued pleasure. But now came a great sorrow which was to change all her plans, and leave its impress upon her whole future life. Through these scenes she bore herself with quiet sub-

mission, never repining at the dealings of her Heavenly Father, and never seeking to escape the responsibilities which were brought upon her.

The following extracts from her journal show the state of her feelings during this trying period:

“*January* 10, 1863.—For the first time since her illness, mother remained in bed all day; and for the first time, told me she would not be here long. I had feared, but oh! I had never heard it told till then, and my heart seemed breaking through the day. I tried to keep the tears from coming, for father’s sake and for hers; but they would come, and I knew not what to do.

“*Jan.* 12.—Oh! it is beautiful to see a child so ready to go home to God as mother is—talking calmly of what had best be done after her soul has left us; thinking of what would most promote the happiness of those left upon earth; and never trembling at the thought of dying—for it is only going home.

“*Jan.* 13.—The last day upon earth! It seems as if months were in that day. Need I write what mother told me? No; my heart has every word engraven on it as it were upon a stone, and it is sacred there. I had

never seen the angel's summons answered till to-night; and though the changing features looked unnatural, yet I did not read in them that the spirit was preparing to go. But when father told me mother would not live till morning, then I understood it all, and from that time my tears ceased flowing; for why should I weep over a child who was going home? Weep, when suffering was almost ended—when heaven was almost gained? So through the night I watched, only longing for the journey to be ended: and when in the morning the last weary step had been taken; when the King had welcomed His loved one home; when the last tear was wiped away forever, I was so glad! And for that realizing sense of mother's perfect happiness, for that lifting of my thoughts from earth, I thank my God, and shall forever thank Him.

“*Jan. 15.*—I long to have all over; fearing that my thoughts will be drawn away from mother as she seems to the eye of faith—fearing lest the tears should come again.

“*Jan. 16.*—‘As thy day, so shall thy strength be. Thus has it been with me. Never once were my thoughts on earth during the funeral service. In the place of the coffin, I thought of the mortal that had put on immortality; and in the place of the dark grave, I could think only of that city whose builder and maker

is God, and of the Lamb who is the Light thereof. It rained in torrents, but how could that sadden me? Where mother is, there is everlasting light. So the tears came not."

Being an only daughter, she at once, upon her mother's death, took charge of her father's household, over which she presided with exemplary dignity, and the duties of which she discharged with the utmost care and fidelity.

As her father was a physician and in large practice, she was necessarily much alone, and was obliged in her household affairs to act upon her own judgment. It was during these years that she was the most actively engaged in works of benevolence and charity, and in the use of her pen. All of her books were written after her mother's death. Thus this noble daughter for many years, even to the day of her death, met the responsibilities of her difficult position.

If she had trials and sorrows, she kept them



to herself; or at least, never allowed her father to be burdened or disturbed by them.

She was always the lady, bearing herself with modest dignity; and always the daughter, ministering to the comfort of her father and brother.

The removal of such a person from such a sphere of responsibility and usefulness was truly a dark and afflictive dispensation. But He hath done it who doeth all things well. We bow in silent submission to His will.

Miss McClellan's religious character deserves more than a passing notice. While yet a child, she was of a serious turn of mind and religiously disposed. Her father remarked that he could not remember when she was not a religious girl. Her whole life seems to have been controlled by religious principles.

But it was not until she was about sixteen years of age that she deliberately assumed her baptismal vows, and made a public profession of her faith in Christ.

A mere incident seemed to be the means of bringing her to this decision. One of her companions casually remarked to her that she was going to be confirmed.

This started inquiries in her mind as to her own position and responsibilities. She felt that to confess Christ before the world was both a duty and a privilege; and yet her sense of the solemnity of such an act, of all the obligations which it involved, and her anxiety to weigh well her feelings and motives, caused her to proceed with great deliberation and self-examination. She sought the aid of the Holy Spirit, and was finally brought to clear and distinct views as to her duty; and then without hesitation she took her stand on the Lord's side. During this critical period, she was under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Stone, for whom she entertained the sincerest respect and affection. In a note written by Dr. Stone since her death, he makes the following beautiful allusion to her: "I baptized her, and have

known her from her cradle. I loved her as one of earth's most lovely ones, and as one of heaven's most choice. She lived to be a light here, and has gone to be among lights there. Of particular facts since she became capable of facts, I know little or nothing that I could state."

From the day Miss M'Clellan made a profession of her faith in Christ to her death, she maintained a consistent Christian walk.

Her religion, like every thing else about her, was real and thorough ; there was no pretense, no mere form, but a deep, settled conviction and a fixedness of purpose which shaped and controlled her whole life. Her views of truth were intelligent and well defined. Few persons could more readily discriminate between truth and error. Such was her loyalty to truth that she would not allow partiality, feeling, or even respect, to sway her in the least. While always ready to bow to legitimate authority, in matters of personal faith

and responsibility, she could call no one master but Christ. To her the Gospel was a complete and glorious provision for a lost world; but salvation was a personal matter between her and her God. She would allow nothing to take the place which belonged to her Saviour, or to come between Him and her soul. She held distinctively and with great firmness what are known as evangelical views, and labored with zeal and earnestness to impress them on others. But she had a tolerant and catholic spirit, recognizing her Saviour's image wherever she met it, and holding fellowship with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ.

She was naturally fond of society, and well fitted to shine in any circle; but she felt that her baptismal vows rested upon her, and that they must be carried out in their plain meaning without compromise. It cost her no little effort to fashion her life after the Christian pattern. From her position and relations to others, much was expected of her; but nothing

could induce her to enter into the fashions and gayeties of the world. She felt that these things were inconsistent with her Christian profession, and that was enough. On one occasion her attention was specially called to the opera, and the duty of Christians with regard to it and other kindred amusements. She gave her mind seriously and prayerfully to the subject, nor did she dismiss it until her own course was fully resolved on. From this time she withdrew from all amusements and associations which endangered her own integrity or compromised her example as a disciple of Christ. The following extract from a letter from one of her very intimate friends bears upon this point :

“ Her natural temperament inclined her to participate in the gayeties and vanities of life ; but against these temptations—for they were sore temptations to her—she earnestly contended, and ceased not until she gained the victory over them. Many are the friends who can testify to her unswerving fidelity of purpose in refrain-

ing from amusements which in themselves she acknowledged might be harmless; but for herself she felt they would be dangerous, in that they were too exciting, and might, if indulged, become too absorbing."

By thus denying herself indulgences which might lead astray, she redeemed much of her time for higher and nobler purposes. To her, life was a sacred trust, full of present and eternal interests. She could not be idle or indifferent. She did not keep aloof, or stand still; but went out into the great stream of human life, and identified herself with its manifold currents and influences. In this way, she linked herself with what was around her, and was never at a loss where to work or how to work. She put her hand to that which was nearest to her, and from that centre sent out her sympathies and efforts to that which was more distant. There was nothing narrow or one-sided either in her views or efforts. In the spirit of her Lord and Saviour, she labored to do good to all as she had the ability and opportunity.

In contemplating Miss McClellan in her Christian work, many things engage the attention and are worthy of particular notice; some of these we will mention.

Her interest and labors in behalf of children constituted a marked feature of her life. In this connection we give some extracts from letters received from those who were intimately acquainted with her work:

“To do good as she had opportunity seemed her chief object in life; and whatever she undertook was done with such a heartiness of will that others were incited to work with her because it was so pleasant. This was felt especially in Christ Church Sunday-school, which she entered as a teacher in 1859. Until then the only Sunday-schools she knew about were those she formed herself in the summers when she was away in the country; she would invite the children who were boarding in the same house with her to meet in an unoccupied room on Sunday afternoons, and would teach them in such an attractive manner, by stories and simple talk, that not even the most playful children were willing to be absent after they had once attended her

impromptu class. This practice was commenced early in life, and continued until the end. But she was never really connected with a Sunday-school until after she was confirmed. She then selected a class of little girls of seven or eight years of age out of the infant-class, and it was soon evident that she had a decided talent for this work. Loving children almost passionately, and being of a bright, happy temperament, she entered into their feelings with enthusiasm, studied their different dispositions and characters by visiting them often in their homes, and by having them together at her own house. By patient and persistent effort, and by many ingenious devices, she succeeded in interesting them in their lessons, and in leading them to take an active part in all missionary efforts. Their example soon had its effect on many teachers and scholars, in making them more energetic and zealous, and it seemed as if Kate's influence waked up the entire school. Numerous reforms and improvements were the result of her suggestions, given with such tact and good judgment that they commended themselves to others. She was one of the first to see the importance of making the Sunday-school children give to those more needy, at Christmas time, instead of having the gifts from the tree themselves; but well understanding children's nature, she knew they must first have it made more



pleasant to give than to receive before they would accept the principle that it is more 'blessed,' and to this end she urged the scholars' coming together during the weeks previous to Christmas, when she would excite their enthusiasm and emulation in making gifts for poor children, and consult them about what was best to give, and always get them delighted with the plan. One year the tree was for our mission school, and three or four hundred boys and girls, besides a colored sewing-school, were the guests of our scholars, who had the pleasure of giving them the best seats in the church, and seeing each receive one or more presents which their own hands had made for them. Another time the tree was for the soldiers, when 'comfort-bags' were made and furnished by the girls, and games and scrap-books by the boys, to be sent to the hospital at Fortress Monroe; and at this festival, as a surprise to the scholars, who had worked with a will, a Santa Claus suddenly appeared to receive the gifts, as he had just discovered that he had not half enough for the boys down South. On these and similar occasions, especially last winter, which was her last anniversary with us, every one connected with the school will remember how Kate worked incessantly, helping to dress the tree, acting on committees, altering or composing carols to suit the peculiar circumstances, and doing any thing and

every thing that came in her way; and also how she entered into the spirit of the scene itself, until she was like a child again in her enjoyment. But Easter was the day of days to her. She loved it for its own sake and its sacred associations, and was particularly interested in having these festivals enjoyed by the children, that they might have bright memories of them in after years; and she did all in her power to make them so, stimulating the rest of us by her ardor. Her Easter emblems were always original: once, when her children were quite young, and had raised through the year twenty-five dollars, she had this money changed into bright gold dollars and suspended from a lovely floral crown; a very beautiful lamp designed on purpose, and the result of much thought and effort, was used another time, with text and verses well suited to the idea.

“As in every Sunday-school and church there will be a few persons who seem to have more time, and energy, and strength, and consequently assume the burden of the work, so, with us, Kate was conspicuously one of these, and nothing was considered too much trouble, or failed to engage her interest. Although highly approving of the mission-school work of the church, and cheerfully aiding it with her means and sympathy, she thought it best to give her undivided attention to the church school, believing that to be of

at least equal importance as a training school for future teachers. Until last January, when illness obliged her to desist from teaching, she had several of the same girls who first entered her class; of the entire number three have publicly confessed Christ, one early went home to the dear Saviour she had learned to love. For the past few years these girls, at Kate's proposition, assisted largely in supporting a bed at St. Luke's Hospital, and she was in the habit of taking them twice a year to visit the children's ward. The first occupant of their bed was a very winning child, and Kate had little difficulty to get her scholars to make a complete suit of clothes, which to their great delight they were allowed to take up and put on their little *protégé*. But perhaps I am dwelling too long on these details. The more my mind reverts to the past, the more I remember of her untiring efforts and cheerful faithfulness in every duty; and were I to write for hours, I should not half do her justice. Long shall we miss her loving spirit in our midst, her happy face, her friendly greeting, her example of earnest devotion and zeal. We can ill afford to lose her, and feel almost as if the school could not prosper without her; but despondency had no place in her heart, and the lesson of her life to us is, to work while it is day, and to be up and doing in the Master's vineyard.

"BROOKLYN, October, 1869.

A. V. I."

Another friend writes :

“As a child she was called a ‘peacemaker,’ gaining for herself this sweetest of all sobriquets by ever striving to reconcile the differences and disputes of her little playmates.

“Oftentimes might she be seen with numbers of her companions and children, younger than herself, gathered on the steps of her dwelling, entertaining them by the hour with interesting stories, which she ‘made up,’ as children say.

“As she grew older, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, advanced in her studies beyond most young maidens of her age, she still seemed to prefer the society of little children, always exercising the most fascinating influence over them.

“‘Miss Kate,’ or ‘Miss Katy,’ as some of the children used to call her, was the beau ideal of human perfection. Many are the little ones who will miss her sweet presence and grieve that she has left a place vacant in their hearts which no one else can fill. This love, almost passionate love, of children continued through her short and eventful life. When quite young, not more than sixteen or seventeen, she took a class in Christ Church Sunday-school ; and how devoted and faithful a teacher she was, those whom she took as

little children and left grown almost into womanhood can alone attest. She devised every means of interesting them, inviting them often to her house, reading to them, writing sweet, loving letters when absent from them—always speaking so faithfully and lovingly to them of the blessed Master and His work. But others have told of her efficient, untiring effort in this field of labor; how she was *the* one to whom all looked at the Christmas and Easter festivals, as so competent to devise plans for interesting the children of the Sunday-school, and at the same time doing the most good to others. Her motto ever was, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’

“At the commencement of the war, when all patriotic hearts and hands were working for the benefit of our poor sick and wounded soldiers, frequently might our dear young friend be found seated, the centre of a group of children, telling them stories, while all were deeply engaged in whatever they could find to do—the little ones snipping bits of cloth to fill cushions for wounded limbs, while others could assist in making lint, bandages, or sewing on garments, which helped to fill the boxes we were rapidly sending to the various hospitals. But she was the moving spirit of all work accomplished by children; and so was it in every thing she undertook. In the hospital work of St. Luke’s—where she

gained the love of all hearts—she interested for a series of years thirty or forty young people in this blessed ministry of love.

“She taught young girls in a school connected with our Female Employment Society for many months, accomplishing, I am certain, a great amount of good. In fact, no work flagged in interest on her hands. She never complained of being overborne by her numerous cares and responsibilities; all were a pleasure and delight to *her*, as certainly it was to those unto whom she ministered. . . .

“And now to speak of her as a friend, for such she was to me for many years. My home had been one of her homes, and many are the hours she has brightened and made radiant for me, she possessed such a happy temper. Never troubled with fits of despondency—one day gleeful, the next perhaps shadowed by sadness and gloom—she was always bright, always sunshiny and happy. She had invariably always something interesting to tell, either of her studies, German or French lessons, or of her novel trip to Europe, where she was traveling entirely by books, far more satisfactorily and usefully than many who cross the ocean and visit foreign countries in person. Then her charities were always in her heart. Many are the talks we have had of her St. Luke’s work, her Sunday-school class,

and the interests of Christ Church Sunday-school in general; or of some friend or poor person in whom she was interested. Conversation never flagged. There were always topics enough without having recourse to gossip, which she despised and avoided. She was a most precious valued friend; once loving, she loved unto the end. . . .

“In a few words I append what I consider were her chief characteristics:

“Childlike simplicity of character united to strength of will and purpose. Forethought and arrangement very remarkable. Intense love of children. Trust and firm faith in her friends. In her religious life an utter abnegation of self, and entire reliance and simple faith and love to her Saviour. No doubts or fears ever disturbed that heart, which always trusted in the Lord. May we follow her even as she followed Christ; ‘for she being dead yet speaketh.’ F. M. A.

“BROOKLYN, October, 1869.”

Allusion is made in the foregoing letters to Miss McClellan's efforts in behalf of St. Luke's Hospital, and her labors among the sick children. With reference to this, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg writes as follows:

## A WORD OF GRATEFUL REMINISCENCE.

“The name of Kate McClellan is held in loving memory at St. Luke’s Hospital, wherein she found a favorite exercise of her tender and ever lively sympathies. The children’s ward was her especial delight. On one of her earliest visits to it, in company with some of her Sunday scholars and other young friends, she proposed to them to undertake the maintenance of some one of the friendless children who, from time to time, should be their hospital *protégé*. To this they gladly acceded, and to keep up their interest in it, she used to come with them three or four times a year—not only for her immediate purpose, but as well to cherish in them that love of doing good of which, I can easily understand, she was a genial and diffusive centre in any circle of her acquaintance. The sister in charge of the ward would often speak of the high gratification which her visits afforded; rather they were visitations, for she would spend an hour or two in making happy times for the little ones by her gracious ways and engaging talks, remembering the name and something about each of them, and directing her young companions in bestowing the useful yet attractive presents they had brought, thus practicing them in her arts of judicious charity. At Christmas time they would come and sing for the



children the carols they had learned in their own church, the Rev. Dr. Canfield's, in Brooklyn—no small distance from St. Luke's—whence we see how little they begrudged the time required for these peregrinations of love. One of her literary productions, consecrated to good like all her efforts, she gave for the benefit of the hospital.

“It is not for me, with my limited personal knowledge of Miss M'Clellan, to speak of her Christian character. In the estimate of those who knew her most intimately it was one of rare loveliness and completeness in Christ, richly adorned with both the passive and active virtues of evangelical faith. Of such saintly and cheerful demeanor under protracted and extreme suffering I have seldom heard—her mental faculties, bright to the last, enabling her, as I learn, to continue the composition of a book she had in hand until the day of her death; and her heart equally undiminished in lively concern for others. It is affecting to us to know that one of the last tracings of her pencil (for she had long been unable to speak) was an expression of thankful gladness that her bed in the hospital would still be maintained.

W. A. M.”

Her deep interest in children, and especially in sick and suffering ones, is beautifully illus-

trated by the following incident, communicated by a friend in Baltimore :

“She had gone with me to our Infirmary several times to see little Laura ; and was so interested in her that she talked daily of her, and would go to see her on the coldest days. She said to me, just after we left the child’s room, ‘I love Laura. I’d go without my dinner any day just to hear her talk ; she always preaches me a sermon.’ Then she said, people gave her credit for a great deal she did not deserve. They thought it was so kind, so disinterested in her, caring for these little crippled ones, and that what she did was praiseworthy. It was not. She loved children, and it was one of her sincerest pleasures to make them happy.”

The following letters, written by Miss McClellan to one of her Sunday-school scholars, show how thoughtfully and tenderly she cared for those who had been under her instruction. The first was written upon the occasion of the confirmation of her young friend ; the second to the same person when in deep sorrow ; and the other upon the occasion of a new year, the last new year she was permitted to see :

“BALTIMORE, April 22, 1869.

. . . . “I was very glad to receive your letter, and *how* glad I was to learn of your determination to confess Christ before men you little know, dear child. In fairy tales we read of wonderful gifts that enabled the wearer to pass unharmed through dangers which were to try his earnestness or love; and the dangers, the temptations, and the trials are not only in books. No one can live in the world without meeting them at every step, and being overpowered by them if they are striven with in one’s own strength. And if the angels can ever be sad, it would be when they look down upon those who, in the fresh morning of life, go out all unarmed to the strife they have not dreamed of. But if the angels can not grieve, we know how they rejoice when one, leaving childhood behind, goes to the dear Lord Jesus and gives herself up to Him, saying, ‘Not my will, but thine, dear Saviour, my whole life long.’ Then, in His strength, she can endure all things; and when the future is darkest, can look up with a smile and say,

‘I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide,’ etc.

“‘If nearer home each day,’ such should our motto ever be; so to live that we shall love to think of heaven

as our home, enjoying all on earth that Christ would wish us to enjoy, but praying ever to be transformed into His image, not conformed to the world, and to grow in grace as we grow in years, to love Him more and more, and to use our great influence (God only knows how great it is) in His service. A darling little cousin of mine, just six years old, who lives very near us, was very ill the other day, and when her fever was at its height she was delirious. It was a case of intermittent fever; and when the time came for the fever to cease, she looked up and said, ‘Mamma, I must thank God for making me better.’ She persisted in kneeling, though the effort made her face crimson; and when, with the earnest faith which she has to a wonderful degree, she begged ‘for Jesus’ sake,’ tears came into the mother’s eyes, for the fever had always returned every second hour. But it has not returned yet, and three days have passed. This morning I asked, as though I knew nothing about it, ‘What made the fever go, Katie?’ She looked up very quietly and said, ‘Because me asked Dod.’

“And now, my darling, I must stop. I shall think of you very often on Sunday, and will ever pray that you may ‘continue Christ’s forever, and daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more until you come unto His everlasting kingdom.’

K. M.”

“BALTIMORE, March 9, 1869.

“I can scarcely begin this letter, my darling ; for so many sad thoughts come to my mind whenever I think of you ; and words are very powerless at such a time as this.

“I know how lonely the rooms which were once so bright seem now, and how every little thing brings back memories of sunny hours, when smiles were where the tears are now ; and yet, though the tears blind us so that we can not see how such a thing is possible, we know it is *all right*, and the day will come again when the little sun-ray, now hid far up beyond the cloud, will help to make every thing bright once more.

“Your darling little brother has only gone home *first* ; and he was so little and weak, and you all loved him so much, and the world is so cold sometimes, and so heartless, and so very full of tears, that by and by you will feel more willing to have him safely housed in heaven.

“He will never know the sorrow you are feeling. The world was very bright to him ; but his new home is still brighter, and there he will wait to welcome you just as he once did here. Then, too, we should think who took him. It was One who loved him more dearly than his earthly father, One who thought more of his true happiness, and One who took the little lamb, per-

haps, so that He might draw those who loved it so fondly further from earth, nearer the green pastures and still waters of the better land.

“It is all very true, you say, may be; but it can not keep us from missing him every hour, and longing to have him back.

“I know it, my darling; and it is in just such trials we learn most fully how weak human comfort is. There is only One all-powerful, only One who can truly comfort; and He is always ready to take us, tear-stained and complaining, into His loving arms, and tell us that all things shall work together for our good, if we will but love Him, and that the things which we know not now we shall know hereafter, in that dear home where He will wipe away all tears from every eye. We are only travelers here. But we forget this every day; for, if we truly realized we were only on a journey, we would think far less of earth, far more of heaven.

“That God will help you all to look far forward into the brightest of all futures, and to feel that in the joy of a meeting which will come before very long the agony of the parting will be all forgotten, is the earnest wish of yours, lovingly,  
K. M.”

“December 31, 1868.

“’Tis the last night of the year, Mary, and does it not seem very solemn? You can think of some well



Shelley in heaven, she answered, ‘Oh! yes; you know I love him.’ I long to hear if the little one spoke of Jesus, and my heart feels very sad when I think that perhaps my place was by her bedside; and yet that would not have been right. Her auntie said she enjoyed my letter so much. Then I hope she gave her heart to the dear Saviour. It is so hard to say, ‘God’s will be done;’ and yet ‘the cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?’ God grant that little Carrie’s death may prove a blessing to the other little ones; may it be the means of turning their hearts, and thus make them early lambs of the Good Shepherd. Darling, darling little Carrie, I know it is well with you, my precious one. Oh! what a lesson has this taught me. Henceforth, ‘Jesus only’ shall be the subject of my teachings. I long for Sunday to come, and God grant that more than one of my little ones will decide that day whom they will serve.” . . .

In the interest which Miss McClellan took in children, we discover one of the motives which led her to use her pen as a means of doing good.

Her first efforts in this direction took the shape of short articles for our religious periodi-



cals, in which she employed the names of her scholars to represent the characters she introduced. By degrees she became deeply interested in this line of work, and continued it to the end of her life. The following is a list of the books which she wrote: *Willie's Hyacinth*, *Christmas Eve*, *Easter Day and Other Stories*, *Two Christmas Gifts*, *Annie and Pierre*, and *Edith Leigh's Prayer-Book*.

The above-named books were prepared expressly for children. During the last year of her life she was engaged in writing *Theo Gray's First Years out of School*, a work intended for older girls. It was while thus employed that she was arrested by disease. Through her protracted illness, and amid great weariness and suffering, she prosecuted this work even up to the day preceding her departure. It was a fond hope that she might live long enough to complete it, and thus leave it as her last work upon earth. But such was not the will of her Heavenly Father.

Another has been obliged to take up the work where she left off and carry it to its completion.

These circumstances impart to this last book a peculiar and melancholy interest.

Occasionally, Miss McClellan employed herself in writing poetry, but always having in view the same end as in her other writings. The following was written upon the death of an infant child of a very dear friend :

#### NOT LOST WHEN SAFE IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF P. C. N.

It is a lovely morning, and the sun  
Shines in my room, gilding old picture-frames,  
Making the dull red in the carpet crimson.  
Even the walnut crib is brightened with its beams ;  
But there's no gold upon the tiny pillow,  
No sunshine in my heart, this sad, sad day,  
And all the brightness seems a mockery ;  
For the fair baby head, that used to rest  
Upon my shoulder, and gild the pillow  
With rare golden hair, as sunshine can not,

Will never rest in either place again.  
 It seems so strange to sit with folded hands,  
 Knowing that baby will not wake up soon,  
 And cry to come to me. For many days  
 And nights I have watched over him; but why  
 Do I now sit so near the little crib?  
 He would not miss me if I went away  
 And staid all day. My kind friends pitied me  
 When I spent the hours bending over him,  
 And said I surely would be worn out soon—  
 And now—only to have him in that crib  
 Again, I would watch months of nights, God knows  
 How willingly!

My little girls come to  
 My room, looking so grave, and are so very still;  
 And sometimes raise their eyes to mine as though  
 They understood a mother's agony;  
 Then softly steal down-stairs, and wonder there  
 If it is very wrong for them to smile.  
 I push aside the curtain, and look out  
 To see a nurse in a house opposite  
 Holding a little baby in her arms;  
 Not like my little one. His eyes were dark  
 And deep—grand eyes, so even strangers said;  
 This baby's blue ones gaze out on the street  
 Without expression, and seem half washed out.  
 But now the mother comes, and the child springs

Into her arms, and its pale eyes light up,  
 And the soft baby-cheek is pressed to hers.  
 The nurse is pointing over toward our house,  
 As though questioning the mother, who grows grave.  
 I can not hear her words; but know she says,  
 Clasping her baby closer in her arms,  
 "That lady opposite has lost her child,  
 An only son." And then they pity me,  
 And may be talk about my child's great beauty.  
 I can not longer look; hot, scorching tears  
 Blind me to all outside my own sad room.  
 My head sinks in my hands. God only knows  
 The anguish of that moment; but He knows;  
 For soon I seem to hear a voice,  
 Loving and sweet, speak to my breaking heart,  
 And tenderly reproving, say to me,  
 "Is thy child LOST, when thou canst go to him?  
 Are jewels LOST, when stored away with care  
 Beyond the reach of thieves? Are treasures LOST,  
 When safely kept from all corruption?  
 Is thy child LOST in heaven?"

Now a smile

Like the first sun-ray comes into my eyes—  
 Eyes so unused to aught save tears; and joy  
 Springs up within my heart—my poor, sad heart.  
 But 'tis so sweet to feel I have not LOST  
 My little one, my precious, only son,

And that I NE’ER CAN LOSE HIM. Once again  
 I look across the street: the blue-eyed child  
 Still laughs and crows, he is so full of life.  
 His mother has him yet; but can she say  
 That he is hers forever, as I can?  
 In years to come, her only son may stray  
 From the bright path which leads up to the skies,  
 The path my baby’s little feet have trod.  
 And close beside the empty crib I kneel,  
 To pray she ne’er may lose her little one;  
 And then I beg the dear Lord Christ to help  
 My husband, and my little girls and me,  
 So to believe and love that we at last  
 May dwell with Him; and pray that heaven now  
 May seem much nearer us, since baby’s there;  
 May seem more like our home than does this earth,  
 With all its sin and sorrow.

Then I call  
 My little girls around me, and try hard  
 To talk of heaven as our happy home.  
 Tears come sometimes, and stop me for a while;  
 But as I end, my little Annie clasps  
 Her arms around my neck, and gently says,  
 “When people ask us if we have a brother,  
 We won’t say no, mamma; that would be wrong.  
 We’ll say, God keeps him for us up in heaven,  
 And that we’ll all go see him by and by.”

Then the three little faces, growing bright,  
Press close to mine, and kisses true and sweet  
Cover my brow and lips--my burning brow—  
And I feel happier than I have done  
Since baby left us.

January 20.

K. M.

While devoting so much time and energy to children, Miss McClellan was not unmindful of other claims upon her. Among the poor and dependent she was equally at home and equally useful. Ever ready to relieve present want, she yet labored systematically and earnestly to raise the poor from their dependent situation to a self-supporting and self-respecting one. No person ever had a keener or higher sense of self-respect than Miss McClellan, and all her efforts among the down-cast had the two-fold object in view of relieving their necessities and helping them into a position of comparative independence. This she regarded as the surest mode of creating a proper self-respect. In carrying out her views, she did all she could to

procure employment for those who needed employment, and thus put them in the way of earning their own support.

The following paper, from the secretary of the employment society with which Miss McClellan was connected, shows in what estimation she was held by those who were associated with her :

“Two years ago, Miss McClellan was invited to become a manager of the ‘Brooklyn Female Employment Society.’ Her devotion and zeal in whatever service she engaged proved her eminently fitted for the duties of her office. The sight of destitution, the acquaintance with human sorrow and want, were only needed to stimulate her most fervent charity and arouse her pitying tenderness. She held her talents as God’s gifts to her, to enable her to fulfil His loving will to His creatures, and nobly were they thus employed. She was not merely content with relieving physical want. From her loving nature there sprang spontaneously words of soothing and of tender pity. Her fellow-laborers will testify how heartily she did her work, ‘as unto the Lord.’ Her collections in money for the society were always large ; it was hard to refuse her sweet

and earnest solicitations. Some persons to whom she appealed, who were not always ready to answer such calls, have said, 'I can not refuse Miss McClellan when she pleads for her charity. She makes me feel that it is *blessed to give.*'

"About the time of her introduction to this society, a school had been opened by the managers for the instruction of young girls in sewing, as a means of fitting them to earn their own livelihood. She was placed upon the school committee as one specially qualified for its supervision. She soon won the affections of the pupils by the affectionate interest she manifested in them, and by many devices she resorted to for their comfort and their improvement. She volunteered to give them instruction in the rudiments of education, taught them to write and encouraged them to write notes to her, to which she replied, ever making her instruction the vehicle of spiritual good.

"These little children will remember through all their lives the gentle spirit that thus came and ministered to them. We trust they will ever feel the sanctified influence that overshadowed them, and sought to impart such heavenly wisdom as should shield their future lives from the world's harm. That sweet face, bending over them, lit up with the light of celestial love, they can not forget. Those sacred words of affectionate counsel,



uttered by lips that the Holy Spirit had touched with heavenly fire, will be embalmed in their memory as a perpetual benediction. The managers of the society will deeply feel her absence, and they do now mingle their sorrowful regrets with the grief of that loving circle of relations and friends, to whom her 'remembrance will ever be fragrant as the rose.'

W. B.,

Secretary, etc.

"BROOKLYN, 1869."

In the walks of social life Miss McClellan was both an ornament and an influence. Though averse from principle to entering into what is termed fashionable life, she thoroughly enjoyed the society of her friends. Never did she appear to greater advantage than when surrounded by those who knew and loved her. In every such circle she was the centre of attraction. There was a sparkle and dash in her conversation, an animation of manner, a sprightliness and quickness of thought which captivated all who came in contact with her. In the innocent sports and amusements which

help to entertain a company she had almost boundless resources. She could throw her whole soul into whatever she undertook, take any part, personate any character, and thus awaken the wildest enthusiasm. Those who saw her on such occasion can never forget the impression she made.

In the nearer and more sacred relations of personal friendship there was that which inspired the most perfect confidence and the sincerest affection. The following letter, written by Miss McClellan upon the last day of the year before her death to a very dear friend, shows the nature and depth of her friendship. When penning it, little did she think that her words would so soon become verified, and that too in her own case:

“I shall be so glad to have the busy holiday week ended; so glad to settle down again to what I shall try to make a quiet life. Don’t you think we ought to aim toward that more; ought to try, at least, to be less worried and excited over trifles? We scarcely know what

calm hours mean, and scarcely take breath except at night or on Sundays. Of course the effect is to make us more or less irritable and desponding over ‘so much to do;’ and all this proceeds from ourselves as well as from our work, and could be rectified if we chose. Why can not this New Year be entirely different from any we have ever spent? We always expect each year to be different, anticipate some change, and seem to think that all this difference and these new occurrences are things entirely beyond us; and yet what could affect our lives half as much as what lies in our power, aided by God? A year of days spent in His service, each one bringing us nearer to Him—could any thing be better for us than that, any more glorious future await us? Not a sitting down with folded hands for what may be sent us, but a working out the gladdest of glad New-Years.

“New-Year’s day is a hard day to begin on, and yet it may be a test time for our new resolutions. If we could only take the hours as they come, and give them to God; if we could only consider truly that we are not our own, that we have been bought with a high price, and of our own accord consecrate ourselves to a high service! And yet how often do we ask for this *earnestly?*”

“This may be our last year; for we can think of many, who were as well as we this time last year, who are not

here now. Then, shall it not be the best of all our years? the best for those who love us, the best for our own selves?

“December 30, 1868.”

We can not better close this part of the memorial than by inserting the following tribute of one who for years walked in the sweetest companionship with her, who entered into all her plans, sympathized in all her trials, and who mourns her departure as few others can :

“‘That friend of mine who lives in God’ has never seemed nearer than since the day she went home. Heart to heart is surely a closer communion than face to face. Death has dissolved the earthly bonds which united us, but in whatever ‘is lovely and pure, and of good report’ we are drawn more closely together than before.

“I feel, when I think of my friend in heaven waiting for me, and urging me on by the silent influence of her beautiful life and undying love, that death is ‘the best and kindest separation that God ordains.’ He has unclasped our hands here for a little while that I may cling to His more dependently, and that He may join

them again in the home above, where we shall ‘go no more out forever.’

“Dear Kate was the truest of friends. One felt sure of her love and could rest in it in implicit confidence, knowing that what it was at first it would be to the end. It was always a shielding and appreciative love, which while it concealed the faults and weaknesses of a friend was quick to perceive and bring forward every redeeming point and characteristic. It was a love which rejoiced to find good qualities in every one. If ever disappointed in regard to one she had loved and trusted, the charity that speaketh no evil guarded her lips.

“No one confiding in her ever thought of cautioning secrecy. She judged as for herself in any matter affecting another, and often it was a great relief to obtain her advice about some vexing question, or her sympathy in some personal trial, and at the same time feel that the confidence was inviolate. She so carefully guarded the privacy of her own heart and life, and that of her friends, that any thoughtless discussion of the affairs of others, or careless disclosure of private matters in the presence of strangers, always roused her indignation ; and her quick way of turning the subject on such occasions to some general topic of interest was her mode of administering a gentle reproof.

“In every sense of the word she was a *useful* as well

as a true friend ; not contented with the simple enjoyment of pleasant companionship, but feeling the responsibility that rested on her to encourage her friends in all that was pure and good in life, and to influence them to make the very most of all the materials God had granted to them. Her own bright example of untiring zeal in the Master's cause gave peculiar force to whatever she said. It was eminently true of her that she 'lived in deeds, not in words;' and now, having entered into rest, her works do follow her, and by them 'she being dead yet speaketh.'

"Few understood the intensity of her life, or what that bright and happy girl accomplished day by day. Resolved never to let her plans interfere with the comfort of others, she was careful not to show in any way that the time she so cheerfully gave to any unexpected call on her attention had been set apart previously for a special purpose. The eager, interested way in which she entered into any proposed plan of amusement with her friends made it hard for them to realize the amount of work devolving upon her which, for the sake of yielding to their requests, required extra exertion on her part to fulfill. The record of one of those busy days would have astonished many a student or business man, to say nothing of the scores of girls who consider a morning

spent in shopping or visiting time well employed, and entitling them to rest for the remainder of the day.

“Kate had the unusual faculty of throwing into whatever she undertook, whether relating to pleasure or profit, an energy and enthusiasm which inspired all around with a measure of the same spirit. This made her at all times an eagerly sought companion. ‘Wait till Kate comes,’ were words often spoken when any plans for amusement were discussed in the many households where her coming always brought sunshine.

“And the most sanguine expectations of her sympathy and aid were always realized ; for with an unselfishness which could not but be appreciated, she would enter heartily into all the plans proposed, taking as her share any difficulties that might be in the way, and arranging every thing with the utmost thoughtfulness for the comfort of others.

“Many of the friends who had shared largely in this bright part of her life were with her during her last days on earth, and witnessed even in her most intense sufferings the same cheerful self-forgetfulness and consideration for their feelings. They gathered around her, and she was the brightest of all, concealing her own sufferings that they might not be distressed, and always welcoming them with the radiant smile so natural to her in health. To a friend who had been kept away by

sickness she said earnestly, as they met, ‘I am so glad you could come; I wanted you to see that I do not suffer as much as you thought;’ and this at a time when the pain she endured from hour to hour must have been intense. A few more of these days of anguish on earth, and she went Home to be ‘forever with the Lord.’ We loved her, and therefore rejoiced that, free from all sorrow and suffering, she had gone to be with Jesus. But without her cheering presence life will never more be to us what it has been. Day by day we shall deeply realize what a friend she was, and how great is the loss we have sustained.

“ We shall miss thee at a thousand times along life’s troubled track,  
Not a sorrow or a joy, but we shall long to call thee back ;  
Yearn for thy dear and gentle voice, long thy bright smile to see,  
For many dear and true are left, but none are quite like thee.”

The following paper, written by a very near relative and friend, who had known her intimately all her life, and was with her during her last illness, will be read with much interest :

“ BALTIMORE, September 26, 1869.

“ As a little child, a home influence, happily directed, caused her to delight in the stories and teachings of the Bible; and at all times she was more than willing to



desert a large family of dolls—the care of which occupied no small share of her infantile attention—with numberless other playthings, to listen to some new Scripture narrative or enjoy the repetition of one already familiar to her.

“The Sabbath was always pleasantly marked by the privilege of looking over a large volume of exquisite engravings, after works of the old masters, illustrative of the Old and New Testament histories, with descriptive text to each plate. Thus the double purpose was effected of permanently fixing the scenes in her mind and inculcating there a love for the good and beautiful, which was conspicuous in all her after life. Besides, in this way, Sunday was not regarded as a dreary day of banishment from playthings, when one must be ‘very good’ all the time, without knowing exactly how or why, but as a time when especial favors were granted, and, as such, always longed for. These early Bible teachings were never afterward forgotten, and formed the basis of the rich store of spiritual knowledge with which her mind was endowed.

“Perhaps, the trait which of all others was her most prominent one, as a child, was her *obedience*—her unquestioning, unhesitating obedience; and this characteristic continued always to be a marked one. And in

connection with this might be mentioned her invariable truthfulness and conscientiousness.

“The removal of her mother to the heavenly home while she was yet verging into womanhood, had a wonderfully maturing influence upon her; and from that time one of the main objects to which she seems to have consecrated her life was to fill, so far as it was possible, her vacant place in the household. How faithfully she succeeded in this work, those who knew it only can tell—those who saw her tireless industry, who felt the result of her ever-thoughtful care. Yet such system characterized the management of her domestic duties that a multiplicity of charitable, social, and intellectual matters occupied no small portion of her time and attention.

“Her faith was simple and childlike. Having given herself to Jesus, she rested wholly in His finished work. She loved Him because He first loved her, and never doubted her acceptance. Here was the secret of her cheerfulness and usefulness; to use her own words, ‘It is an honor to be a Christian.’

“Nothing was allowed to come between her and her hours of devotion, and she remarked, ‘I tremble for those who go forth to the conflicts of the day *alone* ;’ and on another occasion said to a friend, during a Lenten season, ‘I could have been early at service this

morning if I had neglected my Bible.' Diligently did she 'search the Scriptures,' and found the gain thereof greater than choice gold, more precious than rubies; although at the end of her life she lamented that she had not studied them more. She had a rare faculty of imparting these sacred truths to the young especially, simplifying and adapting them to their comprehension. It is remembered that on one occasion, while on a visit from home, she heard a little girl crying piteously, out in a dark hall; quickly starting, she went to the child, and found that she had been sent up-stairs alone in the dark, and was very much afraid. Taking the little one by the hand into a bright room, she told her how God would take care of her during the night as well as in the day, and taught her the words, (which will always be remembered,) 'The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.' Upon another occasion, in the same home, on one Sunday afternoon, coming up to a little boy who was reading some secular book, and looking over his shoulder she startled him by exclaiming, 'Why, —, you are a thief! Do you know you are robbing God?' and asked him to repeat the Fourth Commandment, and so thoroughly convinced him of the wrong that it was long before such a reproof was needed again. She was very careful that her own Sunday reading should be strictly spiritual. All through her life the

works of Jeremy Taylor had been especial favorites for that day. Up to the last year of her life she was such a stranger to bodily weariness that on one occasion she remarked to a friend, ‘At times I am greatly concerned about my accountability to God for the strength given me. I ought to do *so much* for Him.’ How fully she realized this fact is evidenced in her life. She was capable of remarkable concentration of effort, and was enthusiastic in every work she undertook. ‘Whatsoever her hand found to do, she did it with her might.’

“On the 16th of February last, she left her home for a visit of some weeks to Baltimore. There her disease, a laryngeal affection, rapidly developed itself, causing at times intense suffering, only to be met with the most patient endurance and cheerful resignation. At the close of a beautiful April day she was standing at a window, looking at a glorious sunset; and as her face reflected the far-off, golden light, a loved one sitting by her said, ‘Why, Kate, you seem so bright and happy this evening!’ ‘If I were not bright and happy,’ she answered, ‘I would be the most ungrateful creature in the world; for I have so many blessings.’ And *this* on a day when, although faint with hunger and thirst, she had been unable to take solid or liquid nourishment. How near then and afterward must *He* have been who Himself had been made ‘perfect through suffering.’

“Here, then, in this ‘Baltimore home,’ as she fondly used to call it, she was detained three months, witnessing for Jesus—continuing her loving labors in behalf of the poor and needy who came to her notice. Many are there who can testify to her looks and acts of love; words she had none to give. During this time her sympathies were enlisted in the organization of an institution for the restoration of an erring and neglected class of women. It was only her age, she said, that had prevented her active coöperation in similar charities in New-York. Perhaps her last act of benevolence, but a few days before her earthly work was ended, was a birthday offering to promote the happiness of the inmates of this asylum; expressing her regret, at the same time, that she had been unable to carry out a purpose of writing them a letter, urging them to choose that good part which would never be taken from them.

“On the 14th of May, she was enabled to return to Brooklyn, and from that time her disease steadily progressed, and she became gradually weaker.

“Hers was the brightest of sick-rooms. Choice flowers, renewed each day by loving hands, were always near. She enjoyed greatly, as long as she was able, the visits of her friends; was always cheerful; although at times unable even to whisper, with a bright smile she would show how fully she appreciated every

kindness. Her thoughts were removed from herself; and no one could fail to notice her constant mindfulness of others, especially for those who ministered unto her.

“A copy of *The Silent Comforter* used to hang near her, with its words of consolation and peace always in view. Daily did she derive comfort from these sacred promises. A week before her sufferings were ended, one of the texts for the day was, ‘Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.’ She had this read over and over to her, saying, ‘All these precious promises come because “*I have redeemed thee.*”’ A few days afterward, one of the verses was, ‘I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness;’ and, after repeating it with the sweetest smile, she continued, ‘Yes, fully satisfied *then.*’ Her intense, protracted pain was borne without a murmur. Through it all never a complaining word escaped her; she literally followed the example of Him ‘who opened not His mouth.’ One of those by her remarked, ‘She teaches us all beautiful lessons without any words.’ As

she was lying thoughtfully one morning on her couch, she whispered, 'Hid in Christ—how sweet!' Doubtless she had been feeding on the words. It was during the last six weeks of her life that she undertook the completion of a book commenced long before, but which, with great regret, she had been obliged to lay aside some months previously. Although physically unfit for any exertion whatever, she gave a portion of each day to this work. It was a touching sight, day after day, to find her thus employed. Very often the pencil would fall from her wasted fingers, only to be taken up again with renewed strength, and another effort made; and so she continued until the day preceding her removal, when, overcome with sleep, she was urged to lay it aside, when she earnestly exclaimed, 'I *must* do it; I must *not* sleep my life away.' All through her illness, and previous to that time, she never used the expression 'dying' in reference to the change that awaited her. Her views of it found expression in the refrain of an old hymn, 'And dying is but going home.' Weeks before, in speaking of this hour, she said, 'Jesus will soon come and take me to His home; for He says, "I will come again and receive you to myself." What I want is, to be able at that time to say just what I wish to all, and then go home.' Her desire was granted. She was enabled to speak to every one around, and send loving

messages to the absent. To one standing near she said, smiling, 'You know how I've always loved you. I'm going home now—only going home; and you will meet me there. And if the little ones come before you, I will be waiting for them.' Then she said, 'Tell the children to love Jesus.'

"Some one asked, 'Is Jesus precious?' She seemed surprised and replied, 'Of course; unto you who believe He is precious.'

"Her work was now finished; every thing she wished to say had been said; her sufferings had ceased; and she quietly asked, 'How long shall I be detained here?' Soon after, she calmly fell asleep; 'for He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"Could not the following lines be applied to her, which were written by one of her friends some years ago?

" 'For we speak of you cheerfully always,  
As journeying on:  
Not as one who is dead do we name you;  
We say, You are gone.

" 'For how could we speak of you sadly;  
We who watched while the grace  
Of eternity's wonderful beauty  
Grew over your face?



“ ‘ Do we call the star lost that is hidden  
 In the great light of morn ?  
 Or fashion a shroud for the young child  
 In the day it is born ?

“ ‘ Yet, behold ! this were wise to their folly  
 Who mourn, sore distressed,  
 When a soul that is summoned, believing,  
 Enters into its rest.

“ ‘ And for you, never any more sweetly  
 Went to rest, true and deep,  
 Since the first of our Lord’s blessed martyrs,  
 Having prayed, fell asleep.’ ”

### THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Miss McClellan took place on Saturday afternoon, the seventh of August. Many circumstances combined to render it a peculiarly solemn and impressive occasion. It was at the close of a beautifully quiet summer afternoon—an afternoon long to be remembered by reason of the great solar eclipse. The world without seemed to be in harmony with the world of thought and feeling within. At the

appointed hour the relatives and immediate friends gathered at the house, where a short and simple service was held. From the house the procession moved to the church—Christ Church, Brooklyn—where a large concourse of people was assembled. All classes were represented; the old and the young, the rich and the poor, had come together in a common sympathy and for a common object. But one thought seemed to occupy the minds of the great congregation.

In the absence from the city, by reason of serious illness, of the Rev. Dr. Canfield, the rector of the church, the services were conducted by others.

As the procession entered the church, and the solemn words of the ritual proceeded, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at

the latter day upon the earth. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;" the most perfect silence reigned throughout the assembly, and all hearts were pervaded by feelings of mingled grief and joy—of grief for the loss of one so dearly loved; of joy for the brighter and better life upon which she had entered.

The coffin was placed in front of the chancel, resting upon a mound or base covered with ivy taken from the walls of the church. On the front of the base, wrought in pure white flowers, was the sentence, "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Immediately in the rear of the coffin, upon a background of black cloth, fringed with flowers, was the following verse:

"Fold her, O Father! in Thy arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee."

This beautiful arrangement was an affectionate tribute from the teachers and scholars of

the Sunday-school. They devised the plan and wrought it out by their own hands.

How impressive the scene! Here in this house of God the sainted one had been dedicated to her Lord and Saviour in baptism; here in confirmation she had made an open and public profession of her faith in Christ, and assumed all the vows and responsibilities of a Christian life. Here in the communion of the Lord's Supper she had commemorated the dying love of her Lord, and here amidst the great congregation she had offered prayer and praise to her Father and her God.

And here in this house, during her illness, many were the prayers which were offered in her behalf. It was fondly hoped that one so young, so gifted, and so useful might be spared; but neither prayers nor tears availed to stay the destroyer's hand. It was the divine will that she should leave her work here and enter upon a higher service in the kingdom above.

Nothing remained but that the last offices of respect and affection should be performed.

At the close of the appointed lesson a few words were spoken by one of the officiating clergymen, standing by the side of the coffin, after which that blessed hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," was sung. Notice was then given that the remaining service would be at the grave in Greenwood.

After prayer and the benediction, the congregation slowly and reverently withdrew from the church and proceeded to the "city of the dead." On approaching the open grave on Aspen Hill, the words, "Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live; he cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; in the midst of life we are in death," fell with solemn significance upon every ear. Just then the pale rays of the darkened sun spread a sombre hue upon all around, and added not a little to the impressiveness of the scene. After the remains were lowered to their resting-place beside those

of her mother, and the words of the committal were said, a choir of chosen friends chanted, with singular and touching effect, the following beautiful lines, which had deeply interested and greatly comforted the departed during her last illness :

“ I know not the way I am going,  
     But well do I know my Guide.  
 With a childlike faith I give my hand  
     To the mighty Friend at my side.  
 The only thing that I say to Him  
     As he takes it is, ‘ Hold it fast.  
 Suffer me not to lose my way,  
     And bring me home at last.’

“ As when some helpless wanderer,  
     Alone in an unknown land,  
 Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
     And leaves all else in his hand ;  
 ’Tis home, ’tis home, that we wish to reach,  
     He who guides us may choose the way ;  
 Little we heed what path we take,  
     If nearer home each day.”

The concluding prayers were then offered,

and the service for the dead was closed. The congregation still lingered, seemingly unwilling to leave the spot now hallowed by so many sacred associations. While the workmen were filling the grave, several young girls, members of her Sunday-school class, cast in numerous flowers, which were mingled with the dust of the ground; and when the turf was placed on the top of the grave, they strewed it with beautifully wrought wreaths and garlands. This unexpected incident touched all hearts and brought tears to every eye.

Thus was laid to rest all that was mortal of this dear and lovely young Christian, who in the beauty of her youth, and amidst the plans of her usefulness, was stricken with disease and removed from the presence of the living.

This memorial record is now finished. It has been a labor of love, undertaken solely for the honor of that blessed Saviour by whose spirit this lovely child of grace was made such a bright and beautiful example of a CONSECRATED LIFE.

We append the following sketch of Miss McClellan's character, prepared by her very intimate friend and physician, Dr. Crane, of Brooklyn :

To know, and to be in familiar contact with a character naturally refined and elevated, and yet more ennobled by piety and Christian culture, is not only to be the subject of a special privilege, but is to be blessed by its hallowing influences. However insensible we may be to this fact as we move together along "life's common way," let death but come and close the eyes and seal the lips, and from social communion bear away such a one to the "silent land," and how keenly we suffer from such loss, and from such privation learn that "the memory of the just is blessed." We are then aroused to a deeper contemplation and analysis of those elements of character which have swayed our own, and which will continue to shape that of others long after the living one has departed.

In a certain sense we *live alone*, and die alone. Yet no one "liveth unto himself," no one "dieth unto himself." Consciously or unconsciously, we leave some im-



press upon all who move within our social range, and how few there are from whose short life—too short for us, but not for her—there distills a sweeter fragrance, a greater sanctifying power, than from that of the subject of this memorial.

The life of Kate McClellan was one beautiful, continuous harmony. Its development was but its beginning projected into maturity and completeness. For those who were familiar with her childhood, it is not difficult to discover the germs which, under careful training, and by the Spirit's influences, were expanded into rare and notable Christian qualities of heart and soul.

The same physical beauty, the same delicacy of organization, the same grace and elegance of movement, the same winning power in manner and speech, the same busy energy and activity, the same method and order, the same earnestness and enthusiasm, the same joyousness and seriousness, the same poise and self-reliance, the same truthfulness and sincerity, the same reverence and obedience, the same faith and trust, were as peculiar to her earlier as to her later years.

To sketch minutely each characteristic would be to transcend the object of this memento. Limited time and space also forbid it. We might dwell upon those natural gifts which, under certain circumstances, might

have fitted her to move and shine, the attraction and admiration of the votaries of fashion for a passing hour. But in this we would not have had her sympathies; neither have we inclination; but prefer rather to recount some of those salient traits, those Christian attainments, which made her meet for the society of the best of earth, for the companionship of the "just made perfect," and for "the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

Her mental endowments were of a high order, and in rare combinations. All subjects were brought to the ordeal of deep reflection and severe analysis. It was not the apparent, but the *real* in all things for which she sought. With incisive power she cleft through the glitter and show of what was merely superficial, into its very heart and substance; for she must "find the rock beneath." Although enthusiastic, and by organization largely the creature of impulse and feeling, yet she lived under the sway of her intellect. The will and the conscience received their guidance from its power. And when we say that these faculties were sanctified "by the Spirit, through the truth," we open up the secret of a character lovely, symmetrical, and substantial.

She was eminently truthful, and a lover of the truth. Upon nothing else was she willing to rest. All matters were brought to this touchstone before they found any

lodgment in her faith. In the region of mere speculation she would not venture, for she pursued no shadows. While of them she was almost intolerant, yet she was most truly catholic and liberal. Scientific truth greatly engaged her interest ; but *the* truth, "the truth as it is in Jesus," took fullest possession of all her powers. In her thoughts it was the Alpha and Omega, the great central point around which all other truths revolved. Upon it her soul leaned in thorough trust, in perfect repose. A striking instance of her love of exactness, and of rigid adherence to her own perception of the truth, occurred shortly before her death. In conversation with her, a dear friend asked, "Do you *feel* that your Saviour is near you?" She promptly answered, "No, I do not ; I can not *feel* His presence ; I can not see Him ; but I *know* that He is making intercession for me in heaven. In His offices, as declared in God's revelation, I comprehend Him, I understand Him, I know Him." She lived not in uncertain states, or moods of feeling, but in her soul's immovable convictions of the truth.

She was thoroughly practical, and in such a character this involved the useful. This human life was a reality in itself considered ; a solemnity in its immediate relations, and in its outreachings toward the "endless life." To her it was "not all of life to live." She was

keenly sensitive to the beautiful around her, whether in art, nature, or character. Through all the inlets to the soul a sweet sense of its presence crept, and pervaded all her being, while it was a joy to her; yet its chief ministration was, to what practical ends and uses could she bend them for the pleasure and the good of others? All endowment, all culture, all truth, all beauty were not absolute, but most largely relative. In her soul there was too great intensity for her to be satisfied with mere acquisition and possession; as she "freely received," so she must "freely give;" she had caught the spirit of the Master, "If any one will be great among you, let him be your servant; for the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Everywhere, at home or abroad, out of the fullness of her own life's experiences, and from the compelling pressure of duty to God and man, she distributed to others. And now the reversion is hers; "in heirship with Christ," and in the full fruition of that "inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away;" "eternal in the heavens."

Another element of her character was her sincerity. This was especially manifested in her devotion to the services of her Maker and her Saviour. With her, profession was possession. In the reception of the doctrines and principles of Christianity, she made them

part of herself. Her religion, consequently, became an energizing and vitalizing power. From its resultant activities there ever came the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Feeling resolved itself into the doing. Sentimentality could not waste her hours; but what her "hands found to do, she did it with her might." Her life was measured more by what she did than by its years. A part of what she accomplished in the Sabbath-school, and in the hospital, and by the way-side will be told by others; but much which her Christian modesty concealed will only be known through the revelations of eternity. Some of you, friends, are the witnesses that "the love of Christ constrained" her; for she "judged that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." Out of this love to the Master grew this entire consecration of self and faculty. The one object of her writings was the winning of some soul to Him. Through the long, weary months of her suffering, I was the witness of but one bitter moment. Upon entering her room one morning I found her weeping. To the inquiry, "In what are you suffering?" she was silent for a while. Soon she replied in a whisper, "It is not bodily suffering. I am writing a book. I have grown into an affliction for it. It has been to me like a child. It is the last I shall

write. I have expected to finish it. Oh! I wish to finish it; not for my own sake; no, it is not for myself. It is to accomplish some good; to bring some poor, sinful creature to Christ." This work of "converting a sinner from the error of his ways;" this "saving a soul from death;" this "hiding a multitude of sins;" how sublime, how Christ-like, as she lay upon her couch of death!

But superior to her intellect, and the many graces which so beautifully adorned her spirit, was her faith. In her soul it was like a star, clear and steady in its shining. To her life it gave energy. To her character it gave completeness. In a nature like hers, so earnest and so true, where there were great necessities, there must be no void, no uncertainty. She followed where reason led. She went forward where reason failed. She recognized a higher faculty than mere human endowment. She received her faith as the "gift of God." She walked by it, she lived by it, she died by it. The teaching of the Bible was to her a voice out of heaven. It was God speaking in her soul. To its command she gave cheerful obedience. To its doctrine she gave prompt acceptance. In its promises she placed her holiest trust. In the supplies of earth she found but poor satisfaction; in mere human attainments, but insufficiency; in mere human reason, a feeble guidance.

But her faith in what was revealed supplied all lack. For every want it was "the substance of things hoped for." To every longing and aspiration it was "the evidence of things not seen." It was "an anchor to her soul, both sure and steadfast." She did not wish to be "wise above what was written." She was satisfied with "the things that are revealed." She was as well satisfied that "secret things belong to God." She was content "now to know in part," being assured that "then" she should "know even as she was known." Although it did not "appear what she should be," yet she "knew that when He should appear she should be like Him, for she should see Him as He is." In Christ was her sufficiency. She "knew in whom she had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed unto Him until that day." It was enough for a creature of two worlds. In this, her soul's demand met with full repletion; and she knew that in the other, "her soul's elections would be ratified eternally."

In the presence of such faith death was robbed of its terror; the grave of its sting. She was often questioned by her friends as to her feeling, in her view of them. She had but one answer. "These words express them all;

'I know not the way I am going,  
 But well do I know my Guide;  
 With a child-like trust I give my hand  
 To the mighty Friend by my side.  
 The only thing that I say to Him  
 As He takes it is, 'Hold it fast;  
 Suffer me not to lose my way,  
 And bring me home at last.' "

It was my privilege to see how a Christian could die. She had sent for me. As I entered the room, she extended her hand. Her lips were wreathed with smiles; and her eyes seemed lit up with the foreshinings of the peace and rest of another world. Her first words were, "I'm going home, I'm going home." "Read to me. Repeat to me some hymns." After a little silence she said, "We shall meet in heaven." I answered, "I hope so." Rousing herself, she whispered, "Hope so! Don't you *know* so? Haven't you a *right* to know?" It was the end of her earthly life; one sigh, one slight struggle—she passed through the portal, she became immortal.

Now she is satisfied, for she has awaked in His likeness! She is "able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." While with open vision she gazes into the "depths of



the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," her range is through the infinite, "her *home* lies near to the eternal."

PACIFIC STREET, BROOKLYN, October, 1869.

The following obituary notice appeared in one or more of our papers immediately after her death :

## GONE HOME.

KATE M'CLELLAN.

THE recent announcement of the death of Miss M'Clellan, only daughter of Dr. C. R. M'Clellan, of Brooklyn, has filled many hearts with sadness. She entered her home above on Thursday morning, the 5th day of August.

Months of failing health and physical suffering had prepared those around her to expect her departure at almost any moment. But to the many of our readers who only knew this gifted person through her writings, this announcement will be a great shock, and occasion unaffected sorrow. It will seem a mysterious providence that one so richly endowed—with such capacities for usefulness, and so consecrated to the Saviour's work

—should, in the bloom of her years, be taken away. To human view it is a dark dispensation. A family has been broken up. Long since the mother was taken to her rest; now the daughter has gone to be with her. A father's heart is broken, and bowed in grief; and a brother walks companionless and alone. The light of their dwelling has gone out; the joy of their heart has been taken away. Surely, it is a dark dispensation. But a simple Christian faith recognizes in it all the hand of a loving Father, and bows in sweet submission to His will.

“ It is Thy hand, my God !  
 My sorrow comes from Thee ;  
 I bow beneath Thy chastening rod ;  
 ‘Tis love that bruises me.”

We may not understand it now ; but by and by we shall see it all, and be more than satisfied.

In the death of Miss McClellan we have lost a personal and most highly-valued friend—a friend whose aid in a common work was fully and freely given ; and whose companionship will ever be held among the pleasantest memories of life. We therefore make no apology for departing from our usual course in paying this tribute of affectionate regard to one whose Christian life and

character so unqualifiedly commanded our confidence and respect.

By her private worth, by her active Christian benevolence, and by her writings, Miss McClellan had become widely known, and exerted an extended influence for good. It rarely happens that one attains, at so early an age, a position of such eminent usefulness. But God had bestowed upon her many and great gifts. To a personal presence of great beauty and attractiveness, there were added the accomplishments of a highly-cultivated intellect, and the graces of a winning, loving, and sympathizing spirit. She was fitted to adorn the highest walks of life, and to shine in any ministration, however obscure or humble. In a word, there was a singular combination of all the elements which make up a complete and harmonious character. Dignity and grace, intellectual superiority, independence, a true modesty, reserve and yet a proper freedom, firmness united with gentleness, unselfishness ever seeking the happiness of others, earnestness even to enthusiasm, and an entire devotion to whatever she undertook. These were some of the traits and characteristics which made Miss McClellan the woman she was.

And when it is remembered that all these gifts and graces were brought and laid at the Saviour's feet, and were consecrated to His service and glory, and that she

lived and labored not for herself, but for Him whose servant she was, it can readily be understood how eminently useful she was, and what a loss has been sustained.

It was in the midst of all this that her heavenly Father came, and, laying His hand upon her gently, with drew her from the scenes of active life. It seemed strange it should be so; but He saw it was best, and that was enough. During the weary months which ensued, she was enabled to complete some things in which she had been engaged, and to arrange her worldly affairs to her entire satisfaction. Her sickness was of a painful character; and at times she suffered intensely. But the blessed Jesus was with her and sustained her by His grace. He made her a beautiful example of patient endurance and of sweet submission. No repining word escaped her lips. Her Father had appointed it all; and she meekly drank the cup which He gave her. Most impressively from her couch of weakness and suffering did she show forth the power of a Saviour's grace.

We need not dwell upon the closing scene. Her work was finished. She had glorified God in her life and was ready to depart. A season of calm repose was granted; suffering had ceased. With collected powers, and the utmost composure, she gave messages of love

for the absent. No one was forgotten. To each of the dear ones gathered around she addressed a few words of affectionate counsel, testifying to the fullness of the Saviour's love, and her sole reliance upon Him; and then closing her eyes, and with a heavenly smile, she welcomed the Lord Jesus, who came and took her to Himself.















